

The Mar - News



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June 1927

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in the High School*

NEW SERIES ISSUED

December—March—June—September

SPACE CONTRIBUTED BY DIRECTORS

THE MAR-NEWS

Published by

STUDENTS OF THE SCHOOLS OF MARPLE AND NEWTOWN
NEWTOWN SQUARE, PA.

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Faculty Advisor

MR. WORRALL



THOMAS J. CAMPBELL, JR.

"Tom"—"June"

ACADEMIC

Born Newtown Square, Pa., January 4,
1910.

"Like the waves of the mighty deep,
Never quiet unless sound asleep."

"Tom," our Class President, is also our athlete. He has been active on all our teams and has always been interested in the welfare of the school. "Tom" gets along very well in his studies; in fact, he is the star pupil in the fourth year Latin Class.

We know "Tom" will succeed at Penn State College, which he will attend next year.

Dramatics, '24, '25, '26, '27.

Vice President of Class, '25.

Class President, '27.

Track, '26; Captain, '27.

Basket-ball, '24, '25, '26; Captain, '27.

Baseball, '26, '27.



JOHN D. ERSKINE

"Johnny"—"Bricky"

GENERAL

Born Ridley Park, Pa., September 27, 1908.

'Oh! This Learning—what a thing it is!'

"Johnny" seems to have quite a time of it, but he is sure to get there. He is always on hand to help with the small things, which make our affairs a success. His great passion seems to be his pony and cart, and he is no mean rival of Ben Hur.

"Johnny" expects to go to the University of Pennsylvania next year. Well, good luck, "Johnny."

ELIZABETH S. LEES

"Bessie"

COMMERCIAL

Born Philadelphia, Pa., March 25, 1908

"Fair as the day and always gay."

"Bessie" is quiet but ever active, unobtrusive but friendly with every one. She is well liked. We all shall miss our only golden-haired classmate.

"Bessie" has not yet fully decided what she will do next year, but we wish her success in whatever she may take up.

Dramatics, '26, '27.

Class Secretary, '26, '27.

Class Editor of MAR-NEWS, '27.

Typewriting Certificates, '27.

Typewriting Medals, '27.





JESSIE J. RODENBOH

"Sis"—"Susie"

GENERAL

Born Fraser, Pa., May 7, 1908.

"And her voice it murmurs lowly
As a silver stream may run."

Jessie is very quiet, yet popular with all. If anything is to be done we can count on "Sis" to do it without any talk about it. She has not taken a very great interest in athletics but has done much in other fields.

"Susie" is undecided what she will do, but we are sure that she will make out well in whatever field she enters.

Dramatics, '27.

MARY E. VAN KANAN

"Tubby"

COMMERCIAL

Born Pottstown, Pa., June 30, 1908.

"Happy am I, from care I'm free,
Why aren't they all as contented as me?"

Mary has a smile for every one, and she always looks on the bright side of life rather than the blue. She's always there too. Mary holds the attendance record for our class; in fact, she hasn't missed a day of school all through her High School course.

We wish Mary success in whatever she may do.

Dramatics, '26, '27.

Class Vice President, '26.

Perfect Attendance, '24, '25, '26, '27.

Typewriting Certificates, '27.

Typewriting Medals, '27.





ANNA H. WHITE

"Whitey"—"Dixie"

GENERAL

Born Newtown Square, Pa., October 10, 1908.

"A pound of pluck is worth a ton of luck."

"Whitey" is there every time. If it is to be done she will see to it. Even though Anna is very small she is quite a basketball player. She sings and plays the piano, too. Did you hear that laugh? That is she.

Anna is going to West Chester Normal School next year. Good luck, "Whitey."

Dramatics, '25, '26, '27.

Class Vice President, '27.

Assistant Editor, MAR-NEWS, '27.

Secretary A. A., '25.

Basketball, '26; Captain, '27.

Oratory, '26.

GRACE E. WALLACE

"Jackie"

GENERAL

Born Camden, N. J., June 27, 1909.

"She always lends a helping hand,
No matter what you ask,
And always brings her heart along
To help to do the task."

Grace has participated in all activities social as well as athletic, and, with her sunny disposition and willingness to aid has won her way into the hearts of all her schoolmates. We all like to make Grace "giggle," for we know it isn't a very difficult task.

Grace is going to the Chester County Hospital to study nursing. We wish you lots of success, Grace.

Class Treasurer, '27.

Business Manager of MAR NEWS, '27.

Typewriting Certificates, '27.

Basketball, '26; Manager, '27.





THOMAS COAN

"Tom"

"June 20, 1908—Sept. 5, 1926.

"To those who knew him best, a friend most true and hearty."

We all remember Tom, whose unobtrusive ways bore friendship for all. He has been missed especially by the athletic teams. He had always played on our teams and much was expected of him this year.

Dramatics, '26.

Baseball, '26.

Track, '26.

FATES OF '27

We were walking along Chestnut Street one afternoon, and, since we hadn't seen a good movie for a long time, we decided to see the new football picture, which we had heard so much about. Immediately, suiting action to words, we set out for the theater. As we hurried along, we heard a voice, and, who should it be but our old friend, "Jackie" Wallace. Really, it seemed as if she had dropped from the sky. She had been away from the home town for so long that she was the last person we had expected to see. We explained where we were going and "Jackie," always glad to be with old friends, accompanied us. Naturally, wanting to hear all about her career, it was decided to purchase tickets and then sit in the lobby for a few minutes before going in to see the show. Grace tried to answer the million and one questions we asked her.

"Yes, I am a missionary in Africa. Yes, I like it. I intend to go back. But, please, one question at a time," she laughed.

"Well, how long have you been home? And when did your boat arrive?" we questioned.

"Boat!" she exclaimed. "Why use anything as slow as a boat? I travel back and forth by aeroplane since this new trans-Atlantic route has been established. It is really quite thrilling."

"Well; we should say so! Next you'll be teaching the dear little savages how to drive an aeroplane."

"Oh, now!" Grace said.

But then, "Jackie" could always take a joke. After a few more questions we went to our seats. (We hadn't noticed who wrote or who played in the picture, since we had decided so hurriedly that we wanted to see it.)

As the usual preliminaries to the main feature were flashed on the screen, we noticed that the dramatization had been made from a novel by John D. Erskine. This recalled to our minds our classmate at Marple-Newtown.

"Have you heard anything about Johnny?" Grace asked. "I have not been home for so long that I don't know any news."

"Well, all we know is that he is some kind of a hack writer."

We gasped, when in the list of characters we saw another familiar name,—Thomas Campbell. We thought it a strange coincidence that the names of two of our former classmates should appear on the screen. We knew Tom had made good in football at State College, but we never expected to see him on the screen. Imagine our feeling, when, as the players went down the field, we heard from the vitaphone, the exclamation, "Oh, fish!" It was so real, so natural, that we fairly started from our seats in our excitement; we knew that the Thomas Campbell of the screen was our Tom. After many exclamations we settled down to enjoy the show.

When we left the movies, we decided to go to the printer's office with "Jackie," who needed some printing done for her mission. We turned the corner and not having a place in mind we went into the first printer's office we came to. In the office was John Erskine.

"Why, John, are you a printer?" we inquired.

"No, I'm a writer. Did you see the picture that is now playing called 'We Want a Touch Down'?"

"Yes, we did."

"Well, I wrote that."

Imagine our surprise—not a hack writer but a novelist.

"And to think," we said, "that Tom is in the movies."

"Well he was offered a contract, and wanting to make some money, he decided to play in the picture. Since I had him in mind

when I wrote the story, it turned out very well. And, now, what can I do for you?"

We explained our visit and were preparing to leave, when John suddenly asked us if we would accompany him to his apartment and talk over old times. We were more than pleased with the idea, and readily assented.

All fixed for an enjoyable evening, we tuned in station KDKA. A good orchestral number was being played and we agreed that we were lucky in finding such good music. Soon a voice was heard.

"I'd rather not hear that," "Jackie" started to say, but stopped and exclaimed, "why that voice sounds familiar!"

Upon looking at the television dial we saw a very distinct image of the singer.

"You know who that is, don't you?"

"Why—that is Anna White. Just think, Anna—singing over the radio! I heard that she went to the Normal."

"She did, but nevertheless, she is broadcasting every Wednesday night," we told her.

Naturally, having heard from some of our old classmates, we were anxious to know of the others.

Johnnie informed us that he could answer for two of them. "Bessie Lees is a newspaper reporter,—doing very extensive work in that line. At the present time she is piloting an airplane to Mars to get news on the political situation. From there she sends messages by the printer telegraph to those anxiously waiting to hear from her. Her old chum, Mary Van Kanan, is also working as newspaper reporter within the immediate district. Both girls are making out fine," he concluded.

"Well, we have heard of all except 'Susie' Rodenboh," Grace said, "and, I guess, I know as much about her at the present time as anyone. Just a short time before I came home, I met 'Susie' very unexpectedly. She is a successful realtor, and since the Sahara Desert Land Boom, she has been a very enthusiastic promoter there."

Suddenly, becoming aware of the time of night, we hurriedly prepared to leave for home, agreeing that all of our class-mates had been successful in their various careers.

TO WASHINGTON AND BACK

At last, the glorious day had arrived! The day for which we had been waiting so patiently since we were Freshmen,—the day on which we were to start to Washington. We were up early anxiously watching the skies, which were not quite clear. However, nothing daunted our happy spirits.

We took the trolley for Lansdowne, from where, with the Lansdowne Senior Class, we started on the first lap of our journey. At West Philadelphia we changed to the "Senior Special" for Washington. Fixing our suitcases and removing our hats and coats, we settled down to enjoy the journey. After watching the scenery for a while, several of our party started to play cards; but this did not last long.

Miss Rhoads, our chaperone, had brought Books I and II of "Ask Me Another." We found that, by the dint of much hard thinking, we could answer the easier questions. Soon we heard Johnnie asking if it was time to eat lunch. From somewhere, two boxes of candy were produced and John's hunger was appeased for a while. Tired of looking at the scenery and finding nothing to do for some time, we soon joined John in lunch. We stopped in the Baltimore Station long enough to buy ice cream.

We arrived in Union Station, Washington, shortly after noon. We were given a few minutes in which to see the station, considered to be one of the finest in the world. On the plaza in front of the station is the Columbus Memorial, an immense shaft surmounted by a huge globe representing the world and upon which the western hemisphere stands out in relief; Columbus is seen on the prow of his vessel, which seems just about to glide into the fountain. From this plaza nine avenues radiate. Seeing a dome in the distance, we realized it was our first glimpse of the nation's Capitol. Our explorations were brought to a close by the arrival of the sight-seeing busses; and, we began our tour of Washington.

The broad avenues lined with trees, the many parks, and the absence of all overhead wires help to make Washington a city of impressive beauty. First we visited the Pan-American Building. This was very interesting since it is "a capital within a capital," being the headquarters of the twenty-one American republics. From there we followed Mr. Hartman, our guide, to the American Red Cross Headquarters and, then, to the Corcoran Gallery of Art.

We had been walking, walking, walking, so we were glad, indeed, when the "Royal Blues" met us again. We embarked now for the zoo. (No, really they did not keep any of us—not needing duplicates.) From

the zoo across the Potomac (entering Virginia) to Fort Myer, from where we had a beautiful view of the river and the surrounding country; and on to the National Cemetery at Arlington, where we saw Lee's home, the National Amphitheatre, and the Unknown Soldier's Tomb.

Coming back to the District by another route, we found ourselves at the Lincoln Memorial. Mounting the steps to the Memorial, we turned to see the view afforded by this position. It is beautiful, but we could not linger because we had to see the Memorial. This Memorial, in the form of a great temple, is befitting the man in whose honor it was built. The most important feature is the statue of Lincoln placed in the center of the Memorial. It is due to the wonderful simplicity of the building that we were impressed. It is plain and simple,—all is in perfect harmony. We left, feeling that, as Lincoln spoke clearly and plainly to impress the people, so, this building was built in simplicity to impress the people.

After visiting the Memorial, we went to the Metropolitan Hotel. Everybody was famished, so we went to dinner as soon as possible. We danced for a while after dinner and then left for the Library of Congress. While the Library is beautiful at all times its elaborate adornment is seen best at night when lighted. Here we saw the original Declaration of Independence and a draft of the original Constitution of the United States. While the Seniors of Lansdowne were having their class party we enjoyed a very good movie. Returning to the hotel, we prepared for bed, but sleep was far from our thoughts. Nevertheless, some of us managed to get a few hours.

The next day, feeling rested, we were ready for anything that came along. After breakfast we took a trolley for the Bureau of Engraving and Printing. (Too bad we couldn't have some of the money we saw there!) Our guide told us that we were next going to the Washington Monument. This we had seen the day before from various points in the city. All except two of our Seniors walked to the top (890 steps). Well, they were wise, because those who did walk still groan as they think of it. As the White House was under repair, we could not see "The First Lady of the Land," so we trooped back to the hotel and enjoyed ourselves (rested our feet) until luncheon.

In the afternoon we went by trolley to Mount Vernon. We had our pictures taken and spent the rest of our time rambling about the grounds. We returned by boat to Washington; and, we know, all the Seniors enjoyed this. (No one got seasick, so it was a fine voyage.)

We were all anticipation that evening, because we knew we were

going to the theatre. We left the "Met" happy and came back happy, but we venture to say, that Jessie shed a tear or two while she was seeing "The Enemy." But nothing could dampen our happy frame of mind.

The last day of our interesting trip arrived. We all looked more or less tired and sleepy, but nobody had to be carried home on a stretcher. Before us that morning loomed the United States Capitol. It is really thrilling to walk through this magnificent building; and to see where our laws are made and where the Supreme Court sits. The last on our itinerary were the Old and New National Museums. We saw some of the most interesting exhibits, but one could profitably spend several days in these buildings.

After our last meal at the hotel, we went by bus to the station and boarded the homeward bound "Senior Special." All were tired, but everybody was laughing and joking. The diner on the train proved a place of special interest and we refreshed ourselves.

As we left the train at Broad Street our suitcases seemed much heavier than when we had started three days before. Naturally, after three strenuous days we were tired, but who would give up those three days of interesting adventure and fun?

ANNA WHITE, '27.

CLASS WILL

We, the class of '27, being of sound mind and in possession of all our faculties, despite the trials and tribulations of the past four years, do most solemnly and reluctantly (?) bequeath to our successors all that we have so dearly prized.

To the coming classes we mournfully leave our beloved teachers and trust that their duties will be greatly decreased by the many talents possessed by these classes.

We leave the "Gym" and Athletic Field to all the members of the school. By doing this we hope to develop their physical abilities to such an extent that they will be as healthy and strong as the departing Senior Class.

We leave the shed in good condition and hope that the severe storms of this summer will not destroy it. That would be very disastrous! Mr. Harvey would have no place to keep his "Baby Lincoln."

Our faithful old alarm clock must not be forgotten. Many a time, when the typists were banging away at the keys, has it rung out its alarm,—“Stop.” We give this venerable timepiece to the coming cham-

pion typists. We know that there will be so many medals awarded that the mailman will need a truck to deliver them. But listen, old dears, don't wear out the typewriters,—leave them for the next class.

Oh my, what a calamity! We almost forgot to will our musical pencil sharpener. When you start your difficult task of sharpening a pencil, be sure to have two or three persons on hand to help grind. When this is finished you will have succeeded in getting two things:

1. A fine sharp point.
2. A splendid solo.

Our next gift, the "Lab.," will be presented to the chemists. Be careful and do not have any explosions which would ruin our well-equipped department. We hope that "Dearie" will become a "dignified senior" and handle the apparatus as if it were valuable and not as a plaything.

Anna White has a fine voice and a pretty good "Ha Ha," too. But she isn't going to be a bit selfish about it. Her voice,—she is willing to give a share of it to Dorothy Simon, but, we want you to understand not all of it, as she will need some of it at "Normal." And the "Ha Ha"—she'll give to Bertha Dean, if Bertha will accept it.

The honor of playing the piano in Chapel Services next year will be given to "Jack" MacLaren, as the report has gone round that he is very talented in this line.

Bessie Lees, our "Speed Demon" in typing, is now willing to take a back seat and allow Phoebe Hibbard to be awarded the medals. We are afraid Phoebe will need some of Bessie's red hair, as it seems to give her spunk. (If Bessie "happens" to make a mistake one day, we know that she will not do so the next because she will sit down at that typewriter and away she will go, finishing up by winning a medal.)

Our classmate, Jessie, who carries all the dignity of the Senior Class, will leave some of it to "Reds" Ortlip. We hope that Eleanor will use it to the best advantage. Jessie is also going to leave some of her superfluous flesh to Wynn Lewis.

The fine acting which Tom Campbell has done in the different plays has convinced everyone that the school will lose an actor of great ability. But we hope that Harry Temple will continue his good acting and take Tom's place in the coming plays.

We leave Mary Van Kanun's superfluous flesh to Edna Kunkle; and we are going to give "Sis" Teesdale Grace Wallace's height—"free of charge."

Good for Mary, our star shorthand writer! Although she is so

good, she desires to share her speed with Edna and "Sis." (There is enough for both girls.) Mary says her heart goes faster than her hand when writing shorthand; so we hope that the girls' hearts will do this; thus, increasing their ability to write shorthand.

Grace Wallace, who has always taken such good care of the cake and candy tables, is going to take a rest and give Gladys Transue a chance to show her ability selling cake and candy. Grace's willingness to help everyone will be greatly missed at Marple-Newtown, but we hope that some one will follow in her footsteps and lend a helping hand to everybody.

"Johnny" Erskine is going to give Eugene Bullock the honor of being Marple-Newtown's "ladies' man" for the next few years.

The musical voices of Bessie Lees, Grace Wallace and Mary Van Kanan we bequeath to "Dot" Dickinson, Mary Hibbard, and Laura Palmer. We hope that some day in the near future they will be signing contracts with the Metropolitan Opera Company.

We now leave our class's brains and dignity to the Marple-Newtown High School.

Sealed, signed, and delivered in the presence of

I. M. DUM,
U. R. TEW.

A RACE FOR GOOD ENGLISH

The Fifth and Sixth Grades' English was very poor. Our teacher tried many ways to improve it. Finally she thought of a new plan which I will tell you about.

The room was divided into two teams which were called Black and Orange. Every mistake made by the Orange Team counted one point for the Black, and an error made by a member of the Black Team counted one point for the Orange. Everyone watched his talking closely so that he would not get "caught." Each one wanted to make his team win.

We had a box on the window sill called the "Criticism Box." On this box were painted little figures. One figure would have "I done it" printed on it. Another one would have "I did it." "I did it" was lassoing "I done it." "It isn't I" was lassoing "It ain't me." "We were" was lassoing "We was," and so on.

If any one on the Black Team heard any one on the Orange Team make a mistake in English he would copy the mistake on a piece of paper telling the person's name who made the mistake, then sign his own name

at the bottom, and put it in the "Criticism Box." Each Friday we counted the mistakes.

On the two doors of the cloak room were charts which represented thermometers. On one were the names of the Black Team. On the other were the names of the Orange Team. The thermometers are numbered up to seventy-five. We started at the bottom, and if there were fifteen mistakes made by the Orange the Black Team's thermometer was painted black up to fifteen. If there were ten mistakes made by the Black, the Orange thermometer was painted orange up to ten.

The Black Team's English seemed better than the Orange Team's because they always were far ahead. Then the last Friday in the month of February the Black Team had so many points that it came to the top.

Trying so hard to make their team win helped the pupils to use better English. Now our English is much better and we very seldom hear the expression "I ain't got none."

MABEL MILES,
Grade 6, Newtown School.

OUR SINGING CONTEST

THE FIRST CONTEST.

Our first contest was held at Sandy Bank School on Friday night, April 22. We went in the school bus. In the first contest there were three schools. They were Nether Providence, Upper Providence, and Marple.

We were anxious to hear who won in the contest. Mr. Andes said, "The fifth and sixth grade singing will be awarded to Marple." That made us happy. Mr. Andes then said, "The fifth and sixth grade declamation will be awarded to Marple." That made us happier than ever. He then said, "The seventh and eighth grade singing will be awarded to Marple-Newtown." We were very happy and wondered who would win the seventh and eighth grade declamation. Mr. Andes said, "The seventh and eighth grade declamation will be awarded to Marple." We were happier and more excited than ever, to think we had won all the contests. Emelie Coan was our fifth and sixth grade declamation representative. Her selection was "The Raggedy Man." Barclay Thomas was our seventh and eighth grade declamation representative. His selection was "A Bear Story."

OUR SECOND CONTEST.

Our second contest was held at Media High School on Saturday, May 7. We went over in the school bus. It was a very nice day. Jay

Worrall was our spelling representative. In the singing contest there were four schools. They were Ridley Park, Norwood, Marple, and Aldan. Ridley Park was first, Norwood second, and Marple third for the fifth and sixth grade singing. Marple-Newtown was first, Norwood second, and Ridley Park third for the seventh and eighth grade singing. Gladys Wiley was second in arithmetic. She won a gold medal. We were glad that we won second place in arithmetic. Marple-Newtown High School received a banner.

MILDRED DOUGHTEN,
Grade 6, Marple School.

OUR TRIP TO PHILADELPHIA

On April 30th of this year Miss Lewis, our English and History teacher, took nine of our class to Philadelphia on a sight-seeing trip. We went chiefly for history, but we saw many other interesting sights.

We went first to William Penn's statue and after waiting in the office for several minutes we went up to the statue by elevator.

While we were going up, the guide pointed out the back of the clock on the tower. He said that the clock was twenty-five feet in diameter.

When we were up on top of the tower the guide showed us the sights, among which were the athletic field on top of the Wanamaker department store, the Insurance Company of North America building, the Delaware River bridge, and the new library.

The guide told us that William Penn's statue was thirty-seven feet high and that it was made of bronze.

After we came down, we went to the Mayor's office. On the walls in this room there are pictures of all the former Mayors of Philadelphia.

After leaving City Hall we went to the Museum of Natural Science. We saw stuffed lions, tigers, walruses, seals, wolves of various kinds, bears, Eskimo dogs, ostriches, and great orang-utans, chimpanzees, and gorillas, all in lifelike attitudes. There were several Egyptian mummies and Indian weapons and utensils. There were several cabinets full of butterfly specimens.

After we left the museum we walked to a cafeteria, where we ate lunch.

We had intended to go to Agricultural and Horticultural Halls after lunch, but it was raining so hard that Miss Lewis decided to take us to the movies. We saw a picture entitled "A Gorilla Hunt." This film was

about a man who went into the African jungles to take pictures of the pygmies and gorillas and to hunt gorillas.

After we left the movies, we went into the five-and-ten-cent store and purchased some souvenirs.

We arrived home around six o'clock rather tired but happy.

JAY W. WORRALL,
Grade 6, Broomall School.

DRAMATICS

The annual play for the benefit of the Athletic Association of Marple-Newtown was presented Friday evening, April 29, 1927.

"Am I Intruding," a three-act comedy, based on a mystery plot, held the attention of the audience from start to finish. Thomas Campbell in the role of "Jerry, from Sage Creek" called forth peals of laughter from the audience.

Every character in the play called for a star actor and the demand was admirably met by each member of the cast.

Mrs. Vare—the mysterious woman in black Mary Van Kanan
Blair Hoover—an adventurer Wade Nelson
Marjory Vare—elder daughter Bessie Lees
Violet Vare—Marjorie's lively and slangy sister.. Dorothy Dickinson
Dickie Waldron—a likable young fellow—an awful flirt—in love

with Dora Jean Crowther
Earnest Rathburn—Jane's secretary Eugene Bullock
Jane Harbison—Vare's niece—writes stories..... Jessie Rodenboh
Mona—a French maid, not bold, just pert Mary Hibbard
Gerald Mays—Jerry from Sage Creek Thomas Campbell

A chorus, made up of Grace Brown, Virginia Burgess, Dorothy Dickinson, Ruth Harvey, Lydia Hibberd, Mary Hibbard, Dorothy Keough, Eleanor Ortlip, Emma Riggins, Jessie Rodenboh, and Anna White, rendered several popular numbers before the opening of the play. The singing of "School Days" by Anna White (the girl) and Jessie Rodenboh (the boy) received several encores. The music of the evening was in charge of Anna White; and Hazel Ewing, an alumna, was the accompanist.

The cake and candy table was in charge of a committee headed by Gladys Transue and Grace Wallace.

We think the evening was enjoyed by all, and we wish to thank all those who helped to make it a success.

BASEBALL

Our baseball team, after a poor start, has played some fine games the last half of the season. Although our team cannot be called particularly successful, it shows great improvement over last year.

A record of the team's batting average has been kept by Harry Temple and is printed below. To be commended most are the three home runs by Tom Hatton and the fine hitting of Campbell and our Captain, Crowther.

Player	AB.	H.	Ave.
Campbell	51	18	.360
Crowther	63	21	.333
Hatton	58	19	.328
Niemeyer	23	7	.304
Bradley	52	16	.306
Temple	45	13	.289
Palmer	46	12	.289
Thorbahn	47	12	.255
Ortlip	48	12	.250
Coan	28	6	.214
Sherrard	20	3	.150

VACATION

When our school days are over,
 And vacation days begun,
 We'll forget about our studies,
 And think more about some fun.

Some,—hikes and outings choose;
 Others plan a long, long trip,
 Over land or over sea,
 In an auto, train, or ship.

For two months we'll enjoy
 Pleasures all of summer time;
 Then as autumn days draw near
 Back to school work feeling prime.

DOROTHY KEOUGH, '30.

HEARD IN M. N. H. S. CLASS ROOMS

DEFINITIONS:

Phonetics—crazy people.

Phonography—study of insects.

Biology—science of shopping.

Electoral college—place where electricity is studied.

Synonym—word used in place of one we can't spell.

Parasite—large umbrella aviators use when they jump from a plane.

Centurion—a man who lives 100 years.

Molecule—something so small it cannot be seen even through a microscope

Pool room—place where you go to swim.

Spelling bee—a dangerous insect that sometimes attacks schools.

Oyster—a fish shaped like a nut.

Statistics—noises that spoil the music over the radio.

Presidential timber—wood from which the President makes his cabinet.

Fuzzard—a kind of snowstorm.

Catarrh—a black liquid used as a covering for roads.

Buttress—a butler's wife.

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